

On that Coelestiall Harmony I go too.

Sad and solemn Musicks.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For feare we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*.

The Vision.

Enter solemnly tripping one after another, sixe Personages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their heades Garlands of Bayes, and golden Vizards on their faces, Branches of Bayes or Palme in their hands. They first Conge unto her, then Dance: and at certaine Changes, the first two hold a spare Garland over her Head, at which the other foure make reuerend Curties. Then the two that held the Garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who obserue the same order in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same Garland to the last two: who likewise obserue the same Order. At which (as it were by inspiration) she makes (in her sleepe) signes of reioicing, and holdeth up her hands to heauen. And so, in their Dancing vanish, carrying the Garland with them. The Musicke continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leaue me heere in wretchednesse, behinde ye?

Grif. Madam, we are heere.

Kath. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None Madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not euen now a blessed Troope
Inuite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beames vpon me, like the Sun?
They promis'd me eternall Happinesse,
And broughe me Garlands (*Griffith*) which I feele
I am not worthy yet to weare: I shall assuredly.

Grif. I am most ioyfull Madam, such good dreames
Possesse your Fancy.

Kath. Bid the Musicke leaue,
They are harsh and heauy to me.

Musicke ceases.

Pati. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sodaine?
How long her face is drawne? How pale she lookes,
And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes?

Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.

Pati. Heauen comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And't like your Grace—

Kath. You are a sawy Fellow,

Deserue we no more Reuerence?

Grif. You are too blame,
Knowing she will not loose her wonted Greatnesse
To vse to rude behauiour. Go too, kneele.

Mes. I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,
My haile made me vnmanerly. There is staying
A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance *Griffith*. But this Fellow
Let me ne're see againe.

Exit Messeng.

Enter Lord Capuchius.

If my sight faile not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
My Royall Nephew, and your name *Capuchius*.

Cap. Madam the same. Your Seruant.

Kath. O my Lord,
The Times and Titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me.
But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,

First mine owne seruice to your Grace, the next
The Kings request, that I would visit you,
Who grieues much for your weaknesse, and by me
Sends you his Princely Commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;
That gentle Physicke giuen in time, had cur'd me:
But now I am past all Comforts heere, but Prayers.
How does his Highnesse?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he euer do, and euer flourish,
When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name
Banish'd the Kingdome. *Patience*, is that Letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pati. No Madam.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliuer
This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willing Madam.

Kath. In which I haue commended to his goodnesse
The Modell of our chaste loues: his yong daughter,
The dewes of Heauen fall thicke in Blessings on her,
Beseeching him to giue her vertuous breeding.
She is yong, and of a Noble modest Nature,
I hope she will deserue well; and a little
To loue her for her Mothers sake, that lou'd him,
Heauen knowes how deere.

My next poore Petition,
Is, that his Noble Grace would haue some pittie
Vpon my wretched women, that so long
Haue follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare auow
(And now I should not lye) but will deserue
For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,
For honestie, and decent Carriage

A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
And sure those men are happy that shall haue 'em.
The last is for my men, they are the poorest,
(But poverty could neuer draw 'em from me)
That they may haue their wages, duly paid 'em,
And something ouer to remember me by.
If Heauen had pleas'd to haue giuen me longer life
And able meanes, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
By that you loue the deere'st in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to soules departed,
Stand these poore peoples Friend, and vrge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heauen I will,
Or let me loose the fashion of a man.

Kath. I thanke you honest Lord. Remember me
In all humilitie vnto his Highnesse:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him in death I blest him
(For so I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell
My Lord. *Griffith* farewell. Nay *Patience*,
You must not leaue me yet. I must to bed,
Call in more women. When I am dead, good Wench,
Let me be vs'd with Honor; strew me ouer
With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste Wife, to my Graue: Embalme me,
Then lay me forth (although vnqueen'd) yet like
A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterre me.
I can no more.

Exeunt leading Katherine.

Scene

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch
before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.*

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath strooke.

Gard. These should be houres for needes, not for
Not for delights: Times to repaire our Nature
With comforting repose, and not for vs to looke
To waste these times. Goodnight of right Sir *Thomas*.

Lou. Came you from the King, my Lord?

Gard. I did Sir *Thomas*, and left him at Primero
With the Duke of Suffolke.

Lou. I must to him, to see how hee doth.

Gard. Not yet Sir *Thomas*, *Lovell*: what's the matter?

Lou. It seemes you are in haste, and if there be
No great offence belongs toot, giue your Friend
Some touch of your late businesse: Affaires that walke
(As they say) Spirits do) at midnight, haue
In the wilder Nature, then the businesse
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lou. My Lord, I loue you;
And durst commend a secret to your eare
Much waighter then this worke. The Queene is in Labor
They say in great Extremity, and fear'd
Shall with the Labour, end.

Gard. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may finde
Good time, and liue: but for the Stocke Sir *Thomas*,
I wish it grubb'd vp now.

Lou. Me thinks I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience sayes
Shall a good Creature, and sweet-Ladie do's
Deserue our better wishes.

Gard. But Sir, Sir,
Heare me Sir *Thomas*, y'are a Gentleman
Of mine owne way. I know you Wife, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne be well,
'Twill not Sir *Thomas* *Lovell*, take of me,
Till *Cromwel*, *Cromwel*, her two hands, and free
Sleepe in their Graues.

Louell. Now Sir, you speake of two
The most remark'd in'th Kingdome: as for *Cromwel*,
Beside that of the Iewell-House, is made Matter
O'th Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir,
Stands in the gap and Trade of most Preferments,
With which the Lime will load him. Th' Archbyshop
Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare speake
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir *Thomas*,
There are that Dare, and I my selfe haue ventur'd
To speake my minde of him: and indeed this day
Sir (I may tell it you) I thinke I haue
Incens'd the Lords of'th Councell, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most Arch-Hereticke, a Pestilence
That does infect the Land: with which, they moued
Haue broken with the King, who hath so farre
Giuen eare to our Complaint, of his great Grace,
And Princely Care, fore-seeing those fell Mischiefs,

Our Reasons layd before him
To morrow Morning to the
He be conuicted. He's a rascal
And we must root him out.
I hinder you too long: Goodnight.

Lou. Many good nights,
Enter King

King. Charles, I will play
My minde not on't, you are
Suff. Sir, I did neuer win
King. But little Charles,
Nor shall not when my Fancie
Now *Lovell*, from the Queene

Lou. I could not perforce
What you commanded me,
I sent your Message, who ret
In the great humblenesse,
Most heartily to pray for her

King. What say'st thou?
To pray for her? What is she
Lou. So said her woman
Almost each pang, a death
King. Alas good Lady,
Suff. God safely quit her
With gentle Trauaile, to the
Your Highnesse with an He

King. 'Tis midnight Charles
Pryther to bed, and in thy
Th' state of my poore Queene
For I must thinke of that, w
Would not be friendly too

Suff. I wish your Highnesse
A quiet night, and my good
Remember in my Prayers.
King. Charles good night
Well Sir, what followes?

Enter Sir A.

Den. Sir, I haue brought
As you commanded me.

King. Ha? Canterbury?

Den. I my good Lord.

King. 'Tis true: where is
Den. He attends your Highnesse

King. Bring him to vs.

Lou. This is about that,
I am happily come hither.

Enter Cromwel

King. Auoyd the Gallies
Ha? I haue said, Be gone.
What?

Crom. I am fearefull: W
'Tis his Aspect of Terror.

King. How now my Lord
You do desire to know whe
I sent for you.

Crom. It is my dutie
T'attend your Highnesse pleasure

King. Pray you arise
My good and gracious Lord

Come, you and I must walke
I haue Newes to tell you.

Come, come, glue me your
Ah my good Lord, I greeue
And am right for to repea
I haue, and most vnwillingly